



VOL. XIV

RESTORATION

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NOEL
PEACE
ON
EARTH!
NOEL

No. 12

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Lord of the Madawaska River, and of the River Jordan: There is so much to remember! Places and people. And things that happened in the lands, the waters, and the skies between those rivers.

The "Mary tree" in Cairo, Egypt. The first glimpse of Jerusalem, as the plane banked for a landing. The first stroll through the narrow streets where Your Son Jesus once strolled with His apostles and disciples—and where He went to His death, carrying His heavy cross. The solemn thrill of serving Mass at the altar above His tomb. The journey to Bethlehem in the early morning, to serve Mass at the altar erected near the Manger. And the second journey to Bethlehem with the Patriarch Bishop of Jerusalem, the Most Reverend Gabriel Abou-Saada. The visit to Mount Tabor. The visit to the Sea of Galilee.

I took off shoes and stockings and waded in that water. I picked up a number of stones and brought them home with me. I stayed a long time on this shore, trying to recapture some of the drama enacted there so long ago, after the Resurrection.

"It is the Lord"

A young man had called out to the fishermen in the boat to cast their net to the right. They obeyed, and the net was so filled with fish they knew it was a miracle; knew the Man on the beach was the Lord Himself. Peter had hurried to him, and the others had brought the boat in. The Lord made a breakfast of bread and fish, and afterwards He thrice asked, "Peter, do you love Me?" Peter, who had thrice denied his Lord, now thrice affirmed his love. And Christ said "Feed my lambs. Feed my sheep."

I drove through the bleak grim hills between Jerusalem and Jericho, washed my hands in the cool green water of the Jordan—comparing it to the ice cold water of the blue Madawaska—and sat for a long while in an outdoor cafe on the shore of the Dead Sea.

The water was a beautiful turquoise blend of green and blue, with jagged splinters of amethyst reaching out from the shore. Back

of the sea were tall purple cliffs, with Mount Nebo on the left, and Mount Moab a little to the right. The sun was going down, and the dark clouds were shot with cold. A wide streak of sunlight lit up the bottom of those cliffs, moving slowly upward, changing color as it ascended. Even the Dead Sea has beauty!

Mary's Well

I remember the ruins of Capernaum. I remember Magdala and Cana and Bethany, and Jacob's well that is not far from Jericho and Mount Temptation. I remember Mary's Well in Nazareth, and the water I drank from it. Never has water seemed so good, Lord, nor so filling. Never before has drinking any water made me feel I was filling myself with love.

I remember the red skies that surrounded us as we drove home from Bethlehem with Bishop Abou-Saada; and I remember one of the stories he told us.

Her Picture

"I must tell you something about this picture," he said, as he showed us through the church that has been erected over the grotto in which Our Lord was born. "We call it 'Our Lady of Bethlehem.' Perhaps it doesn't look artistic enough for most of the tourists. But it has a tremendous appeal to me.

"The story goes back to General Edmund Allenby and his campaign against the Turks in 1917. He was in command of the British forces in Egypt and Palestine, and was pushing the enemy hard. Early in December, when he was encamped south of Bethlehem, a woman came into his tent and awakened him. 'Now is the time to take Bethlehem,' she said. The general started to ask her something, but she had gone. He called in the sentry and asked about the woman. The sentry didn't know anything. No woman had passed him. None had entered the tent.

"The general thought he had dreamed about the woman. He went back to sleep. Again the woman awakened him. Again she disappeared, and again the sentry denied having seen her.

"But when she came again the general was sure it was not a dream. He mustered his army and went on to Bethlehem.

"Now it so happened that the Turks, furious because they had to retreat from the 'Christian army', began to capture and kill all the Christians they could find. Among their captives was my father, my flesh and blood father. I was then a boy of seven or so; and you can imagine how I felt, how we all felt. You can imagine how we prayed.

"Allenby came at the right time to save my father and many other captives, and to take Bethlehem. It was a great day. December 8th. The feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. You can imagine how we celebrated it.

"Now about this picture. It was hanging right here in the church, and General Allenby saw it as he was being escorted to the birthplace of Our Lord. He stopped in surprise, in absolute astonishment. 'Why that,' he said—'that is the woman who told me it was time to take the city!'"

Mary's Tree

I don't think I shall ever forget the Moslem women at "Our Lady's Tree" in Cairo. A priest friend took us to this tree, telling us the legend that made it a tourist attraction.

"It is tradition," the priest said, "that the Holy Family stopped here for a little while on the flight from Herod's clutches, and that they found a wild fig tree that yielded abundant fruit. The Holy Child is said to have given that tree a special blessing, and it has never entirely died."

A tree nearly two thousand years old? We had to see it. We did see it. We went through a market place, a few acres of eolor and smells and noises and rags and buyers and sellers—and beggars. And we found the tree, a great round rotten trunk rising out of a walled-in patch of earth, with two small and very young trees growing on either side of it. And we found half a dozen Moslem women; all of whom tried to talk at once.

(Continued on Page Four)

Solitude is not Separation

By Thomas Merton
(Fr. Louis, O.C.S.O.)

Man seeks unity because he is the image of One God. Unity implies solitude, and hence the need for true solitude. But unity and solitude are not meta-physical isolation. He who isolates himself in order to enjoy a kind of independence in his egotistic and external self does not find unity at all, for he disintegrates into a multiplicity of conflicting passions and finally ends in confusion and total unreality. Solitude is not and can never be a narcissistic dialogue of the ego with itself. Such self-contemplation is a futile attempt to establish the finite self as infinite, to make it permanently independent of all other beings. And this is madness. Note however that it is not a madness peculiar to solitaries—it is much more common to those who try to assert their own unique excellence by dominating others. This is the more usual sin.

The need for true solitude is a complex and dangerous thing, but it is a real need. It is all the more real today when the collectivity tends more and more to swallow up the person in its shapeless and faceless mass. The temptation of our day is to equate "love" and "conformity"—passive subservience to the mass-mind or to the organization. This temptation is only strengthened by futile rebellion on the part of eccentrics who want to be madly and notably different, and who thereby create for themselves only a new kind of dullness—a dullness that is erratic instead of predictable.

True Solitude

True solitude is the home of the person, false solitude the refuge of the individualist. The person is constituted by a uniquely subsisting capacity to love—by a radical ability to care for all beings made by God and loved by Him. Such a capacity is destroyed by the loss of perspective. Without a certain element of solitude there can be no compensation because when a man is lost in the wheels of a social machine he is no longer aware of human needs as a matter of personal responsibility. One can escape from men by plunging into the midst of a crowd!

Go into the desert not to escape other men but in order to find them in God.

Physical solitude has its dangers, but we must not exaggerate them. The great temptation of modern man is not physical solitude but immersion in the mass of other men; not escape to the mountains or the desert (would that more men were so tempted!) but escape into the great formless sea of irresponsibility which is the crowd. There is actually no more dangerous solitude than that of the man who is lost in a crowd, who does not know he is alone and who does not function as a person in a community either. He does not face the risks of true solitude or its responsibilities, and at the same time the multitude has taken all other responsibilities off his shoulders. Yet he is by no means free of care; he is burdened by the diffuse, anonymous anxiety, the nameless fears, the petty itching lusts and the all pervading hostilities which fill mass society the way water fills the ocean.

Mere living in the midst of other men does not guarantee that we live in communion with them or even in communication with them. Who has less to communicate than the mass-man? Very often it is the solitary who has the most to say; not that he uses many words, but what he says is new, substantial, unique. It is his own. Even though he says very little, he has something to communicate, something personal which he is able to share with others. He has something real to give because he himself is real.

Where men live huddled together without true communication, there seems to be greater sharing, and a more genuine communion. But this is not communion, only immersion in the general meaninglessness of countless slogans

and clichés repeated over and over again so that in the end one listens without hearing and responds without thinking. The constant din of empty words and machine noises, the endless booming of loud speakers end by making true communication and true communion almost impossible. Each individual in the mass is insulated by thick layers of insensibility. He doesn't care, he doesn't hear, he doesn't think. He does not act, he is pushed. He does not talk, he produces conventional sounds when stimulated by the appropriate noises. He does not think, he secretes clichés.

Atoms—Not Persons

Mere living alone does not isolate a man, mere living together does not bring man into communion. The common life can either make one more of a person or less of a person, depending whether it is truly common life or merely life in a crowd. To live in communion, in genuine dialogue with others is absolutely necessary if man is to remain human. But to live in the midst of others, sharing nothing with them but the common noise and the general distraction, isolates a man in the worst way, separates him from reality in a way that is almost painless. It divides him off and separates him from other men and from his true self. Here the sin is not in the conviction that one is not like other men, but in the belief that being like them is sufficient to cover every other sin. The complacency of the individual who admires his own excellence is bad enough, but it is more respectable than the complacency of the man who has no self esteem because he has not even a superficial self which he can esteem. He is not a person, not an individual only an atom. This atomized existence is sometimes praised as humility or as self-sacrifice, sometimes it is called obedience, sometimes it is devotion to the dialectic of class war. It produces a kind of peace which is not peace, but only the escape from an immediately urgent sense of conflict. It is the peace not of love but of anaesthesia. It is the peace not of self-realization and self-dedication, but of flight into irresponsibility.

There is no true solitude except interior solitude. And interior solitude is not possible for anyone who does not accept his right place in relation to other men. There is no true peace possible for the man who still imagines that some accident of talent or grace or virtue segregates him from other men and places him above them. Solitude is not separation.

COMBERMERE DIARY

We were very happy to learn that Dr. A. Y. Jackson, the famous Canadian painter and artist, plans to open an Art School in Combermere next year.

Dorothy Phillips of our Edmonton House spent her holidays here; while Sandra Woods vacationed at Our Lady of Aquia in Virginia.

The Guest register during the late fall listed: Fr. Langlois of the Quebec Foreign Mission Society; Dr. and Mrs. Peter Rossi of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, and J. Fessenden of Rochester, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Osinski of Syracuse, N.Y.; Mr. F. von Pili of Saskatoon, Sask.; Mrs. Melton of Edmonton, Alta.; Frs. Gorman and Kelly, C.S.B., of Toronto; five American Oblate priests studying in Ottawa.

Editorially, we would like to commend the excellent issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER for October 1961, with profound articles by Thomas Merton on "The Root of War"; by Anne Taillefer on "The Worker Priests"; by Father George MacLean of Nova Scotia on "Co-operation"; and Dorothy Day's always readable "On Pilgrimage".

Our Christmas was made brighter by a wonderful shipment of over eight tons of materials, from generous friends in Rochester, New York.

There can be only one prayer this Christmastide — "Peace on Earth".

THE POWER OF LOVE

By Rev. Emile Briere

What is sanctity? A question often asked of priests. What is the spiritual life?

My answer: sanctity consists in loving as we are loved, as we have been loved. We are called to a union of love. We are made for that union. The spiritual life is the process whereby two are made one.

Two, to be united not in an exclusive relationship but one which is all inclusive.

Two, so wholly different as to make union impossible without the constant creative, sustaining, loving activity of the First. The First is creator, the other a creature. The First is everything, the other comes from nothing. The First gives, the other receives and is invited to receive. The First loves, the other is invited to accept that love. The First is pure joy, the other is pure misery. The First is He-Who-Gives-Himself. Always, the other is he-who-has-nothing-to-give (of himself). The First is total unselfishness, the other is total selfishness.

And yet these two are to become one! Selfishness is called to become unselfishness, and misery joy. Impossible, except through the power of God's love, of His merciful love.

Impossibility Possible

Impossible, except that He has stooped to our littleness, that He Himself has come, as a little child, as the least among us, emptying Himself of all that could frighten us away... hiding from the weakness of our eyes and hearts, the immensity of His Life, His Power, His awesome Majesty, His Light... appearing before us as a helpless Baby in need of food, clothing, and the warmth of our love.

Impossible, except that He gives us Himself through the Church, through the healing—redemptive activity of Her sacraments, through the healing—redemptive words of His gospel, through reverent contact with all He has made.

Vital Words

The word of God, especially when spoken in our liturgical services, has power to heal and redeem us. To listen to the message of salvation is to be saved. The words produce their effect, they accomplish their purpose. Through them, Christ goes on healing and saving the multitudes as He did in Palestine. He turns our selfishness into unselfishness; He changes our misery into the heady wine of His joy, divine joy. His words are an instrument of union, not the only one, but a very powerful one. And yet so often their effect upon us appears negligible. Why?

Perhaps because we do not appreciate their power, their irreplaceable role in our spiritual life. Because we have gotten used to them. Because we think we "know all about that". Because we have never really listened to them, never really heard them nor read them. We need therefore to approach the Gospels—the Bible as a whole—with a sense of expectation, listening to the word of God, reading the word of God, each time as if it were the first time. For God does not save us in spite of ourselves. He heals us in the measure in which we desire His healing. He redeems us in the measure in which we want to be redeemed. Two cannot become one except that both are intent upon union and desire to become one.

For His words to produce their beneficial effects our souls must be properly disposed. We must be receptive so as to receive. We need to be "poor in spirit". The Gospel was addressed to the poor, many of whom were poor in fact as well as in spirit. It still is. There is no place in the Kingdom of God for the self-satisfied, the self-sufficient, for those who are rich in conceit. It is addressed exclusively to the poor, the poor in spirit. Others may hear the words but they do not hear them. The poor

alone receive them. Awareness of one's dependence on God, of one's poverty, of one's needs, empties the chalice of our souls to make room for the precious, healing wine of God's words. Truly blessed poverty of spirit which enables us to be filled and renewed and refreshed! Blessed poverty—whose other name is truth—which leads to joy, unselfishness, love!

Unheard Word

The word of God goes unheard in our land, in our Churches, in the depths of our hearts... the word dripping with peace, with joy, with strength. We are the affluent society, the sterile spawn of selfish and inhuman materialism, a pale child constantly impoverished by its greedy mother. Upon our earth lies the shadow of her immense, gluttonous jaws. Her hour to devour is at hand. East and West her power extends. And men fear. Not her but her other offspring, the Eastern one or the Western one, as the case may be. Well might we fear, for both are terrible. Both have built, but not the Kingdom of God. Both have been busy but not with the business of God. Both have worked but not at the works of God. Both have conquered, in the name of pride, but not in the name of God. Both have magnified themselves, but not magnified the Lord. Both have refused to be poor in spirit.

In deeds, if not always in words, we have rejected the Lord. Daily perhaps we reject Him by our conceit, by our lack of compassion for others, by our independence.

"Lord Christ Jesus, give me for Christmas, an eager, joyful desire for poverty, that the words of Your Gospel may heal and redeem me, that two may become one now and forever through the gentle power of Your abiding Love."



Old Christmas Cards

With Christmas around the corner and people asking themselves what they can do with so many new and beautiful Christmas cards that no one wants to throw out, we were very happy to find the answer to this all-American or Canadian problem in a post card that came to us from REV. THOMAS KOYIPURAM, S.J. of De Nobili College, Poona-6, India.

This good and holy Jesuit uses these Christmas cards in thousands of ways and seems to have a market for the changed and finished new product. The proceeds of this support his college. So why not mail him your cards after Christmas is over.

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Help us to keep "RESTORATION" coming REGULARLY BY CLIPPING AND SENDING US THIS ADDRESS LABEL WITH YOUR NEW ADDRESS

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Dearly Beloved Friends in Christ,
We, of Madonna House Apostolate thank you, for your immense charity toward those we serve and us.

We thank you for filling our empty hands with "gold and silver" that we have changed into so many things! Food for the hungry. Clothing for the naked. Medical help for the sick. Assistance for the old. Simple buildings to house "the youth-in-training-here", who come to give their whole lives to God in our humble apostolate to serve all who are in need, all over the world.

We thank You, for all the other wondrous gifts You have given us throughout the past year. Gifts of clothing, furniture, food, tools, etc. that have been flowing so steadily in an endless stream—from your kind hearts to our always empty hands.

We thank you for the great sacrifices that, so often lay behind your many gifts.

We thank You above all for your UNDERSTANDING LOVE . . . FOR YOUR CONSTANT GENEROSITY. FOR THE GIFT OF COURAGE TO US—FOR WITHOUT YOU WE COULD NOT GO ON . . .

We greatly desire to bring you gifts on the Birthday of the Lord Christ. But silver and gold we have none. Nor any other possessions. For we are poor for Christ's sake . . .

So we give you our poverty rich with our love and His!

We give you our humble prayers—filled with flaming gratitude!

We give you our singing joy—for our lives in His service are full of joy.

We give our peace, which is not really ours but His.

We give our love.
May you truly hear the voice of the Angel — FEAR NOT . . . FOR I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY . . . THAT SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE; May fear depart from you, the fear that so binds the whole world today!

May GREAT JOY—THE JOY OF FAITH—OF LOVE—OF UNDERSTANDING BE YOURS ON THE HOLY NIGHT!

May you pass these on to ALL THE PEOPLE! May your lives and ours truly reflect and bring unto EARTH—PEACE . . . HIS PEACE THAT WILL COME TO DWELL IN OUR HEARTS IF WE OPEN THEM TO HIS LOVE . . .

Holy, happy, fear-less, faith-full, joy-full peace-full Christmas to you all beloved friends . . . and may, the immense wisdom of the three Wise men be yours through this coming New Year.



And blessed be he who gave the manger shape

Australian Chaplain Meets Pilgrims

By Rev. K. Toomey

By a strange turn of Providence, I recently became associated with Father Paul Bechard and Eddie Doherty in a combined pilgrimage of the Holy Land.

They had arrived at Beirut from Combermere, I from Australia en route to the Y. C. W. International Council meeting in Rio de Janeiro. Next stop for all of us was the Holy Land. On arrival at Beirut, my plane ticket was altered and as we took off I found myself in the next seat to Father Paul.

That altered booking set off a chain of events that helped us understand better the unity of the apostolate in which we are working.

During the following week, we stayed together as guests of Bishop Abou-Saada, the Greek Catholic Patriarch of Jerusalem, we prayed together, we tramped up and down innumerable steps together, we gathered little samples of stone from the various holy places as one, we returned together each evening exhausted from our pilgrimages of that day. And above all, it was my privilege to act as Eddie's "personal Chaplain" during a temporary indisposition of Father Paul.

We learned a lot about one another and that led to a request from Eddie that I relate some of the work of the Young Christian Workers of Australia for the readers of "Restoration".

C.A. "Down Under"

Next September, the Y.C.W. in Australia "comes of age"—twenty-one years of endeavour, of some success, of many apparent failures and disappointments. I have been associated with the Movement nearly all of that time. Firstly as a leader, then a member of the National team, then a lull during my Seminary course, and now, for seven of the nine years of my priesthood, I have been its National Chaplain.

The founder of the Australian Y.C.W., Father Frank Lombard, quickly seized upon a motto which has given mobility to the Movement over the years. "A service for every need" of their fellow workers has been our driving principle right from our very beginnings.

All our spirituality, all our training, has been aimed at making our leaders discover for them selves the true meaning of service.

Quickly we realized that in order to continually serve, we must love. So, the basis of our operations became the "Great Commandment"—the love of God and the love of our neighbor for His sake.

Restoration Too

It's far easier to talk about these things than live them, especially when those we ask to do the living range in age from 17 to 23 years! We have but one aim to restore all things in Christ. "All things" admits of no exceptions. To make our youth return completely to Christ means to serve them in every aspect of their lives.

And so our spirit of service means that we should not only try to make them love God more, but we must provide those things that will make this love possible. This requires that we serve our young people in their bodily wants as well as their spiritual. We must cater for their intellectual needs, their economic needs, their physical needs, their recreational needs—indeed, we must provide a service for their every need!

The Y.C.W. in Australia has been trying over the years to do just these things.

Through our retreats and days of recollection and encouragement of frequent reception of the Sacraments, we do our best to cater for their direct spiritual needs. We develop their intellectual needs by insisting on the proven Jost method of training. Their recreational needs are met by the provision of dances, football, picnics, holiday camps wherever there is call for these things.

Work and the Worker

And what a job there is still to be done to get young people to recapture the real meaning of work? We never cease "plugging" the vocation of the worker, the dignity of the worker and the indispensability of the work performed.

Economically, we try and try and try to get youth to save for the future. We provide a Savings scheme for this which ultimately entitles the individual to a home purchase loan through our own co-operative building society. In this way, in Melbourne alone, more than 2700 homes have been

built in the last twelve years. We provide a co-operative Trading society to help young people furnish their homes and so avoid the many pitfalls of the hire purchase racket. Credit societies are springing up everywhere to help satisfy their every day wants.

We conduct pre-Cana conferences the year around to help equip the engaged with the graces necessary at present and in the future.

Yes, we try to serve. We try to instill into every member that, with the right motives, he should always be looking out for what he can do for someone else. And because we see every bit of our life as one whole, then we see the usefulness, nay the necessity, of even the smallest service to another, be that service purely natural and human or associated more directly with his eternal life.

Of course, we come across all the common difficulties associated with the lay apostolate. Coolness where we might expect warmth; ignorance where knowledge should prevail; opposition from where the strongest support should come; indifference instead of zeal. But we battle on, always renewing, always encouraging, determined to love and serve.

Results

One might rightfully ask, "Are there any tangible results from all of this?"

You might ask any parent if he is satisfied with the training he has given his family and their reception of parental direction and authority. If he is honest, he must answer with a big question mark. So must we. But we have so many dedicated apostles, so many lovely Christian marriages, so much work being done for God, that our continued progress must tell some sort of a story.

Perhaps the most satisfying results we are obtaining at present are the number of priestly vocations coming from our ranks. Every year we get between ten and fifteen. Last year one diocese alone numbered twelve. And all these young men between 20 and 26 years. One was a painter, one a butcher. Two motor mechanics, an electrician, a metal turner and a dental mechanic were also amongst their number. Eight of these entered the Diocesan Seminary and one each to four different Religious Congregations.

It's bad philosophy, normally, to argue from particular instances such as these to general conclusions, but surely these give some idea how our spirit of real service is getting through to our members.

Strengthened by the love which Christ first gives to us, the Y.C.W. of Australia will go on serving and loving its youth never content, never satisfied while yet one small part of our life needs restoration.

Pax Caritas! Peace, love! We join with the spirit of Madonna House in our apostolate amongst youth—and shouldn't that be so, for aren't we all one—members of the one Body, all serving the one Master, all loving the same Person, and that Person is Christ! Rev. Kevin M. Toomey, Y.C.W. Headquarters, 312 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Australia.

Advent Thoughts

By Mary K. Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon — In the four years we have been here in Portland at Stella Maris we have seen a great growth in the understanding and appreciation of the season of Advent. More and more families are stressing this period as one of preparation, of prayer, sacrifice, spiritual growth — de-emphasizing the frantic material preparations for the feast of Christmas.

It seems that some of the Advent customs have helped them in this—For while the first year, perhaps, they were concerned with the "mechanics" of the advent wreath or Jesse tree or what have you—now they are much more concerned with the deeper meanings and significance. They know that the external varieties of these customs are many—as many and varied almost as the families who use them—but their spiritual aid and depth is most important.

Many families knew about the Advent wreath, symbolizing the long centuries of waiting by God's chosen people—years of longing for the Saviour. The Jesse tree helps make this even more significant. While the ways of making the symbols vary with each family according to their own abilities and ingenuity—the essence is always to show how in the Old Testament God the Father told His people about Christ, and then to see how Christ fulfills this. Whether the manna be paper cut-out designs or tiny biscuits specially baked, the children become more aware of God the Father's providing daily bread for the

Jews in their desert wanderings, and even more impressed that Christ gives Himself to us as our daily bread. It is an experience to gather little twigs and bundle them up to be tied on the tree to remind them of Isaac, and of Christ Who also carried the wood of the cross for His own death and sacrifice. Parents and children alike are renewed by this daily thinking of God's tremendous loving care of His people and His loving preparations for His own Son's coming onto earth.

Toward the end of Advent, some families with older children print up the "O" antiphons . . . putting up the proper one each day, thus learning more about the Church's own preparations for the Coming of Christ. Others have made banners or hangings of John the Baptist, Isaiah, Our Lady—the three guides given us by Mother Church for the Advent season, studying carefully the Advent liturgy and seeking its meaning. Others have looked up Advent songs and hymns—so that carols and parties are saved for the celebration—after the feast!

Advent Statue

Last year an artist friend with whom we had discussed Advent, its meaning and spirit, brought us a beautiful statue she had made—Our Lady, pregnant. Truly an Advent Madonna, filled with longing for the coming of Her Son, expressing the yearning of God's people for the Messiah.

As together we and these friends go more deeply into the meaning of Advent, we realize we are just beginning to scratch the surface. These customs deal with the historical coming of Christ—but there is another coming of Christ for us—His coming in glory—His second coming—the time of the parousia. The early Christians were filled with expectation of this second coming—it colored their whole outlook on life—filled them with anticipation and joy.

We too are God's chosen people, greatly beloved and cared for by Him. He shares His life with us. He has given us His only Son to show us how to live for Him, how to return to His Love. Christ comes to us constantly—second by second, day by day with His grace—as our daily bread in the Eucharist—in those whom we love and serve. And because of those whom we love and serve, we see more and more the need to pray, read, study, think and discuss Christ's second coming. In doing so we become more aware of a different perspective of life, a different set of values—Christ's own. As we learn to apply these, perhaps our lives will become like the early Christians—everyday an Advent day—one of longing for union with Christ and filled with preparation for His coming (by doing our "little things" well for great love of Him)—so that on our lips and in our hearts is a constant "maranatha"—"Come, Lord Jesus!"

"A GOOD WILL NUMBERS GOD AMONG THE HEIRS"

Cardinal Manning

If you wish to include Madonna House among your beneficiaries in your will, you could use the following form: "To Madonna House (Inc.) Apostolate, Combermere, Ontario, I bequeath the sum of \$"

MISSION APPEAL

"Please hear of our missionary activities. We belong to the Carmelite Sisters of Trichur Diocese in a distant corner. We conduct a school attached to which there is an Orphanage. Rather the school is for the orphans. They are two hundred in number, of the age between five and eighteen. Last year there were only a hundred inmates, but this year owing to the famine, flood and other disasters the number has been doubled and so we had no heart to send them away even though we know it is above our means. They are to be fed, clothed, given fees, books and other necessities of life. There is no permanent fund to maintain, except the charity of generous people abroad. The recent flood has destroyed all our crops and that has added to our inability to maintain them. So may I request you to contribute your mite to keep them going. Please enable us to make it easy to run the institution. I might also mention that the chapel is in a very dilapidated condition.

Signed—Sister Angelina, S.A.M.
St. Anne's Convent
Edathuratty Post Office
Trichur District
South India

On The Meaning Of Education

By Jose de Vinck

Much is being written in our days about the value of the present educational system in America. It is being compared in many ways and by many people to the methods of Europe and of the Soviets, but the viewpoint seems always to be the same, always to miss the main issue. The different systems are compared as methods by which better trained technicians are produced.

The field where improvement is most needed is not the classroom but the mind of those responsible for its philosophies. As long as schools, from the first grade to post-graduate institution, will be schools of indoctrination instead of schools of education, there will be a tremendous waste of brain-power, for most of the values and potencies of young minds will remain undeveloped. What a child needs is training in the development of his natural curiosity and creative powers. What he is given is a stultifying series of pre-digested facts he is supposed to memorize. What he needs is to learn the principles of valid personal judgment. What he is given is the hand-me-downs of the prejudices of earlier generations. What he needs is to have the breath-taking avenues of truth opened before him. What he is given is a series of blind alleys that lead to insufficient goals. What he needs is to be told of the magnificence of God's love. What he is given is apologetical arguments to defend the theory of indulgences. What he needs is a chance to possess all. What he is given is nothing. And this I say from sad experience: a young man who has gone through the complete cycle of Catholic education, if he has merely done as he was told to do, and not fought a personal battle and initiated his personal exploration at every step, will know nothing about the Reality of Love.

LOOKS AT BOOKS

The Meaning of Sunday by J. A. Jungmann, SJ, translated by Clifford Howell, SJ, published by Fides Publishers, reviewed by Aster Jedniak.

"Sine dominico non possumus" "We cannot live without the Lord's day celebration." This was the cry of the early Christians who were persecuted for celebrating the Lord's Day . . . who persisted in spite of great obstacles and risked their lives to do so.

How—why—have we lost this great desire for the Mass—especially for the Sunday Mass, which should be a "community Mass"—a Mass in which the whole parish participates at the same time? Somewhere along the line, we've lost cognizance of the fact that we are witnessing, participating in the great Sacrifice whereby Christ redeemed the world. We have lost the sense that it is OUR sacrifice.

Many things have contributed to this in modern times. The author brings out very interestingly the slow transition of the meaning of Sunday from early times to present day.

Today Sunday is quite commonly thought of as a "day of rest." This was true in early Christian times too . . . but the difference between now and then comes in the fact that not only was it a day of rest, but the emphasis was on the Mass . . . especially as a communal act.

The machine age has caused some impediments to arise to make it impossible for all in a parish to attend Mass at the same time . . . swing shifts, railroads, other necessary businesses have to remain open.

We do not build our churches today with the idea of accommodating the whole parish at one Mass. In early day, churches were many and large, just for this purpose. We've lost, too the idea of the Mass being a "celebration" and a celebration precludes the necessity of a group or community to celebrate.

As this sense of community returns as it seems to be doing with greater participation of the laity in the dialogue Mass, singing together and even participating in major feasts together in one body, so will the true meaning of Sunday and of the Mass.

Father Jungmann's book sounds a great note of joy and hope, that the true meaning of Sunday—the Lord's Day (Christ's Day) and the celebration of the Mass will be restored to its rich and rightful meaning and through it, the world restored to Christ.

Rural Apostolate Reports

By Mary A Gilmore

In our Rural Apostolate, under the special patronage of St. Joseph, there have been many changes in the past year. Changes in staff, changes in living accommodations and changes in the concentration of our activities. And yet with all the changes the spirit of "being" and service does not alter. We are here to perform the corporal and spiritual works of mercy in whatever way we are needed. To serve Christ in whatever form He comes to us. Each day the needs are constant and yet they differ. Today a family may need clothing, tomorrow, help and consolation in sickness. Yesterday the need may have been for children's recreation, today it may be adult education. Today school nursing programs are needed, tomorrow health clinics may be necessary. Or, the need may be for all these things and we must concentrate on the most pressing need. As our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII says in his recent Encyclical *Mater Et Magistra*, "When one is animated by the charity of Christ one feels united to others, and the needs, sufferings and joys of others are felt as one's own." This is our aim; to be so motivated by the love of Christ.

One year ago at this time we were seven on our staff, directed by Trudi Cortens, including Mary Davis and Sandra Woods who had been loaned to us for the winter months. In January Trudi was appointed Director of the first Madonna House Foreign Mission in Carriacou, West Indies. She stayed with us until May when the team left for the Island. In the spring Mary and Sandra went back to their loved gardens at Madonna House Training Centre and left Mary Ann Gilmore as Director, with Mary Jean Beau-doin, School Nurse, Irene Chauvin, nurse and clothing room worker and Anne Chapman, office worker.

We were really fortunate in the Fall of 1960 through the generosity of a good friend to obtain the use of a lovely full size house temporarily for our work. Here we live as a separate field house doing much of our own cooking etc., and occasionally visiting our brothers and sisters at Madonna House for a meal. Though we are not a quarter of a mile from Madonna House proper, we are considered to be 2,000 miles away! This calls for a very lively imagination which doesn't always work. What occupies the time of this little group of staff workers? Your good Editor has asked us for a report of our activities and so in the practice of holy obedience we submit this outline of how our time has been occupied for the past year, roughly from September 1960 to September 1961.

Clothing Room

Our Clothing room is a very important part of the apostolate. At the present time we have 978 families who come into the Clothing room. These families come from 47 villages and 54 towns. We are open two days a week and in the past year 2598 people have come in for clothing.

Madonna House Training Centre unpacks all donations at Madonna House and passes on clothing, etc. for our distribution. In the past year we have received over 35 tons of donations from generous friends.

Adult Education

In connection with a local committee and representatives of the Board of Education and Department of Agriculture, we have organized and sponsored a Rural Community Night School. Trudi acted as Chairman last year, and Mary Ann as Chairman this year. Two semesters per year are covered and we are now in the middle of our third semester. Classes are offered in the following subjects: Beginners Sewing; Intermediate Sewing; and advanced sewing; typing; Home Nursing; Millinery; Leathercraft; Art and Agriculture. About 340 adults are taking advantage of this instruction. Classes are held in seven different communities and about half of the instructors are local people. Two of our instructors were sponsored in short summer courses in order to help them teach in the night classes. Classes are held in school houses, town halls, and private homes. The desire and enthusiasm for learning is very high especially here where the opportunities are so limited.

Bookmobile

With the purchase of "St. Paul" a lovely blue Chevrolet half ton truck we have been able to get our library out on the road. Much

of the time however the library stays at a parish church and the books are signed out by the users. To date we have 1,805 books in this bookmobile and 1,657 books have been signed out. 227 people have taken these books out and 16 trips have been made to 5 different communities for this purpose.

Miles Travelled

Between our little Volkswagen sedan and our half ton truck we've travelled 14,831 miles since September 1960. Would take a lot of walking to cover those miles! Thank God for the invention of the automobile.

Rummage Sales

We discovered in the past that one of the best ways to distribute items, other than clothing, to families needing them is through the famous "rummage sale". In the past year we have had three sales and 1,125 people came out for such.

Co-operation with Community Organizations and Activities

The Women's Institute in Combermere sponsors the 4-H program for girls and Anne Chapman works closely as assistant leader with our good friend Miss K. Farmer in this program. Club number 3 is in progress at this date.

Parish Surveys

Two parish surveys were completed in the past year. This entails visiting every Catholic family in the parish, filling out a questionnaire and recording the findings for the parish priest. We feel very privileged to have this contact with the families.

Catechetical Program

Our Catechetical program has been varied in the past year with experience in three different phases of catechetical instruction: assisting with mail catechetical instruction; that is mailing out lessons and correcting such; aiding with instructing teachers in teaching Catechism and instructing a group of First Communicants.

Audio-Visual

Last winter with the use of National Film Board equipment and films we took programs of films into 3 villages, once a month for 4 months. At the same time we had the bookmobile on hand and loaned out books to the audience which totalled 707 people in the 12 trips. We also used films with other organizations and groups, with which we were working.

Christmas Project

Every year our Christmas preparations start in a small way at the end of October and about the second week in November start in earnest. Last year we parcelled and distributed 1,221 children's gifts and 362 adult gifts. This included 102 family boxes, 25 shut-in parcels, and gifts for each child in 18 rural schools. The week before Christmas we go out evenings carolling in different communities to bring the news of Christ's birth in songs.

Home Visiting

We consider home visiting one of the most important works in our apostolate but it is difficult to estimate how many times we drop in even for only a short visit. There is always so much more that could be done in this field.

Care of the Sick

Our two nurses are managing to keep busy with a nursing schedule which covers many weeks of love.

94 people have been in to the dispensary for some kind of treatment and 214 home nursing visits have been made this year while 16 days were spent living in with families and caring for sick members. We try to keep a special eye out for the aged and neglected. At the present time we are going weekly to care for a woman of 95. The new community hospital in Barry's Bay which was built and opened this year has been a tremendous help to the people in the area. Our good friends, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Pembroke staff this wonderful hospital and occasionally our nurses do some relief work and private duty nursing here. 34 days this year. The new hospital has greatly eliminated the need for Madonna House to run an ambulance service and only 8 trips were made this year. However we still function as a Highway First Aid Station and have helped to establish another First Aid Station, operated by Mrs. Fred Richter, one of our Home Nursing and First Aid students. Mary Jean has given two Home Nursing Courses to about 35 people and one First Aid class to 22 students this year. At the present time both Irene and Mary Jean are giving Home Nursing classes in connection with the Night School.

We have been blessed this past year with the generosity of a dentist who has offered his services free of charge to those families who need it. A dental office has been set up, from begged equipment, in the fruit cellar of our

house. All equipment and drugs were donated by various dental companies and several individual doctors and dentists. In four clinics which have been held 48 families totalling 227 people have been cared for.

The school nursing program which has been operating for 6 years now covers about 450 children per year. The 6 schools are visited three times a year plus home visits, plus much referral work. Through this school work the nurses come in contact with various outside Health and Welfare agencies and work closely with many of them.

The Combermere Red Cross Branch has been quite active in the past year with two of our girls working with 5 local people as officers.

Many services are offered to the community through this organization; an active loan supply cupboard of sick room equipment; disaster services providing for about 8 disasters (house fires mostly); blood donor clinics with a total of 564 bottles of blood collected. Also Cod Liver oil pills were supplied to 14 schools in the area, about 900 children receiving them. Funds for these services are collected through a community campaign.

In the hope of arousing interest and laying the ground work towards a Health Unit for public health service the branch is undertaking a series of lectures on subjects of health.

And so we end this report and beg you to keep us in your prayers that we may labor only to manifest the love of our Heavenly Father for His children.

SHARING...

By Rev. P. Bechard

This morning, Ronnie handed me the book for spiritual reading before Mass: Fr. Charles' "Prayer for all men" on the chapter "Well ordered Charity". "We lose nothing in giving... we lose nothing in loving... Charity does not impoverish Peter to enrich Paul... And in loving my neighbor as myself I do not deprive myself of any love."

There are two extremes in "loving myself" which must be avoided: loving myself selfishly... and not loving myself at all; then I can't love my neighbor as myself... In the middle of these two is the truth. The guide or norm is: let's be aware of how God loves me... with what gentleness, what tenderness... what firmness... and forgiveness! This is the way I must love myself... as God loves me...

And before leaving the little sacristy at St. Ben's to walk to our tiny, gem-like chapel, I heard myself saying: "I want to share you with Christ... I want to share Christ with you..."

I must confess that the offering of Mass was with distractions, but beautiful distractions: SHARING... SHARING... The Father desiring to share Himself with us and sending His Son, His Other Himself, to us as a Living Human Being Yet God, to be shared with us some two thousand years ago.

The Son wanting to share His Father with us: "Our Father who is in heaven... Abide in my love... As the Father lives in me, and I in Him, so we in you... My food is to do what pleases my Father..."

Not only does the Son want to share the Father with us, but He also shares Himself with us, exactly, precisely at this moment: "This is my body... this is the chalice of my blood... take ye and eat..."

In order to share Himself completely with us, He sacrificed Himself on the Cross, as a living proof of His giving... and before His final gift, free gift of Himself, He shared His mother with us: "Son, here is your Mother... Mother, here is your son..."

In sharing (giving) His life for us, He brought us to and bought for us a new family, a divine family, a heavenly, real Father... Our Brotherhood... and gave us a new Family Spirit... the Holy Spirit... Who concentrated Their Love in Mary: Daughter, Mother and Spouse... and She too, shared with us...

How thankful should we be? We are given to share all these wonderful persons. Each one of them want to share The Others with us... and Themselves too... This is how we are loved... Are we to stop this sharing? We have the terrible power to do just that... but are we going to put an end to Their Sharing? This is what we do when we do not share ourselves with others... when we keep ourselves for ourselves... When we fail to let the others share themselves with us... and reveal the beautiful work God has done in them... the beautiful work God has done in us...

Dominus vobiscum—God loves you all. Et cum spiritu tuo—And you too, Father.

I CLARIFY..

By Catherine

When I was in Rome some years ago, I had the honor of a visit with Cardinal Tisserant, whom I had the pleasure of meeting many years before. Smilingly he asked me "How is a Russian getting on in America?"

In a sense, this was a very deep question—for what he was asking me was how does a mind trained in the Eastern ways of Christianity get along with minds trained in the Western way of Christianity?

I forgot what answer I gave him then, but I have been thinking of his question ever since. Now that the Ecumenical Council is fast approaching, and there are so many discussions and dialogues about Eastern rites and Western rites, Eastern minds and Western minds.

All Catholics

Frankly, as I listen to dialogues and discussions, I get confused somewhere along the line. For all of us are human beings, created in the image and likeness of God. All of us are Catholics in the Greek sense of the word. And I don't like the word "separated brethren" either, for how can brothers be separated and really remain brothers, except in the geographical sense of the word?

True, there are differences; but they should be easily overcome, for the differences that are striking in the mind of the Westerner about the Easterner, are really very unimportant. They usually amount to ignorance and misunderstanding of rites and customs, and these can be eliminated, and should be quite easily, by love and patience on both sides, and by seeking to find out the true state of affairs.

What perhaps is more difficult, are the differences unnoticeable to the naked eye, the differences in the approach to life, to God, to worship.

It must be said for Christian Russia that it has been very little exposed to the many heresies so well known to the west. But it has retained what a prominent western Bishop called the "Catholic mind". It lives yet by what Theologians call THE PRIMARY SOURCES OF OUR FAITH—the Scriptures (Old and New Testament) the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, the Writings of the Fathers of the Church. That scholastic Philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, though known and studied, has left very little impression on a mind formed by the Sources.

Simple and Direct

As a result, the approach to life is more direct and more simple, and the desire to live the Gospel in its pristine purity is ever present. St. Francis would feel very much at home in Russia. So would the Benedictines, especially the Trappists. So would many lay apostolic groups of the west; but above all, the Sons and Daughters of Charles de Foucauld. For I always think of Charles de Foucauld as having the perfect Russian spirituality—of going to the people—and just "loving". Perhaps not doing so much in the way of action, but "being" and "witnessing" to God amidst the masses.

I would say, speaking for myself and many of my people, that our minds are more simple, more direct. We do not try to hide behind a lot of shibboleths or platitudes. We call a spade a spade.

Obedience to authority was very simple for us in the old days. It was related to God the Father, for whom all Russia had a tremendous devotion. And it was a real devotion that gave security and made faith and trust grow not only in God but in man.

God's Will Be Done

God's most holy will was a real thing, a vivid living concept for the Russian. I remember when my father was ruined through some stock exchange transaction. He wasn't downcast, nor did he contemplate suicide. He simply announced the fact and then added: "God has given. God has taken. May the Holy Will of God be done!"

Human respect, the false kind, the kind that worries always about "what the neighbors will say", did not seem to interest the Russian mind. People were much more interested in what God would think than the neighbors.

Russians committed adultery, even as all men do; but they didn't try to divorce and re-marry—and sort of hide their adultery in that strange fashion. They knew they were sinners, and hoped they would cease to be. But they never denied their sin.

Perhaps these are the differences that are worth discussing. I think that a dialogue between East and West will embrace them and clarify them and bring us closer together in the one unity that matters—that of caritas.



BAREFOOT NUNS

Sometimes a few sentences in the letter of a stranger make you wonder about the lives of other strangers—and wish you could do something about their frightful needs. Listen:

"She had been told the nuns were living in extreme poverty, but she was unprepared for the conditions she found. The monastery was falling in ruins. The twenty two nuns have no cells. They sleep together on the floor. Their refectory is a small trench. The floor is made of worn-out uneven bricks, on which they walk barefoot. Their tunics are threadbare. These Indian nuns are extremely devout, and very eager to learn more of the Carmelite Contemplative life and the teachings of their foundress, St. Theresa."

Mother Gernay, a Belgian nun better known as Mother Anne of Jesus, went to the aid of these Indian nuns in April 1959; and she has been working ever since to help them in every way possible. Their bishop, the Most Rev. Paul Arulami, of Kumbakonam, South India, can give them only 60 rupees a month. About \$12. If you can help them too, write Mother Gernay at the Carmelite Convent in Kumbakonam; or Carmel, 1785 Blvd. du Carmel, Trois Rivières, Quebec, Canada.



Pictured with Rev. Eugene Cullinane, are the Indian students of Our Lady of Whitehorse Hostel, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.

The Family Apostolate

by Rev. John T. Callahan

Father James Leonard, the Canadian National Director of the Pontifical Association of The Holy Childhood recently in writing on the question of parents and vocations, pointed out that in the questions of vocations there are two things that parents should keep in mind; first that they do everything possible to foster and encourage a vocation when they see an inclination in their children toward a life of dedicated service to God and their fellow men; and secondly that parents must keep in mind that they never do anything to unduly influence such a suspected vocation.

He quotes a very lovely illustration from the life of St. John Bosco.

"Margaret Bosco put her hand upon the shoulder of her boy as she said to him: 'To see you with a cassock fills my heart with joy but remember the habit is not what gives honour to that state but the practice of virtue. If at any time you should come to doubt your vocation, I beseech you to lay it aside at once. I would rather have a poor peasant for a son than a negligent priest. When you came into the world I consecrated you to Our Lady; when you began to study I bade you honour Her and have recourse to Her in all your difficulties; now I beg you to take Her for your Queen.' Mother and son clung together deeply moved. 'Mother' said John after a long pause, 'before I leave you to pursue this new life, let me thank you for all you have done for me. Your teaching will always live in my soul, a treasure that has made me rich forever.'"

Prayers for Priests

We realize that many lay people have had the practice for years of praying for priests and especially of offering up Saturdays for the welfare of priests. We might mention that a special Mass and Holy Communion on a stated day of each month has now been permitted by the late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, and a pamphlet on this devotion entitled "Sanctify Them in Truth" is published by the Priests Day Press, Divine Savior Seminary, Lanham, Maryland.

I Live on an Island

By Catherine

I was away most of September on the "Mainland", in Virginia, helping our team to start our new foundation there—Our Lady of Aquia's House—When I returned in October—my island was ablaze with incredible colors. The colors of a northern autumn.

Who can describe this song of color. The blending of the palest yellow of the poplar leaves with every shade of gold of the maple trees! The rank and unabashed competition of the crimson leaves of the sumac—with some special species of red-leafed-maple?

All this shot with the unchanging, proud, dark, green of the eternal fir and pine trees... and the vivid green and greys of hundred varieties of moss and ground vines!

I could not tell about it... All I could do was stand and watch... and watching, pray. For it seems to me that nature was glorifying God this year in some sort of a special way! Perhaps to make up for so many men who didn't!

The beauty of it all wounded my heart... unashamedly I wept. Wept for the world. Wept for all men in it. Wept for those who knew the Lord not... not even in the breaking of the Bread... wept for those who walk with Him... but slowly, for they were burdened with the great burden of many doubts.

Wept for those who were afraid of atom bombs, to the point of blasting charity out of their lives by "protecting with weapons their earthly shelters" for these would save their bodies... but would they save their souls? Not being a theologian I would not know... I just wept... that is all.

I wept for myself too... for clearly I saw that I still was to the Lord, an unprofitable servant indeed. Much had been given me... and so little had I done with it.

After Tears—Faith

But a blue jay or two, flashed through the gold of the trees and came to rest on their feeding station—which I had made myself out of a stump of a big birch tree, and the cover of a large can.

The blue jays started pecking at the grain I had just put there... and then the squirrel, I named Pete, came to gather the grains that fell off. He talked to the blue jays, and they talked back to him.

And it came to me, that we were all of little Faith indeed. For indeed the Father has counted the hair on our head... and He truly feeds the birds of the air, and the animals on the ground... and He it was who had bedecked the country side in all its glory...

It was good to weep for myself and my brothers in His Son... but it behooved me to dry my tears now and PRAISE THE LORD AND THANK HIM... RESTING IN LOVE AND FAITH... AT HIS FEET... AND BEG HIM TO GIVE US ALL THE HEART OF A CHILD—FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN...

Today the glory of autumn is buried deep in a shroud of snow. It is December but I still pray the same prayer... I pray that we all may indeed be like LITTLE CHILDREN... For then we shall be ready for The coming of The CHRIST CHILD... and we shall truly receive His peace... for our hearts will be opened to it... and we shall loose our fears... for LOVE DOES SUCH THINGS... And Christmas may then perhaps stay with us the year round—and bomb shelters will become play rooms...

My island taught me these things when I returned... I share its loving lesson with you.

LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page 1)

It was Mary's tree, they insisted over and over. They made three syllables of the name instead of two, slurring the middle one. It sounded like "Maeri." They pronounced it with great affection, with great reverence, with a devotion expected in a sodality of the Children of Mary rather than in aging Moslem women.

They had neither English nor French. But the priest knew Arabic well, and he translated their story.

"This is truly Mary's tree. We know it is Mary's tree. Because it bled. A man tried to buy the land sometime ago. He is a rascal. He tried to buy the land, and he started to cut the tree down. But it bled. It bled milk as well as blood. So he didn't cut it down. All the newspapers heard about it. And they wrote about it. And they printed pictures of it. So the government bought the land, and put the walls around it, and the gate; and we come here every day to water the trees, the old tree and the young trees.

"You think the tree is dead? No. It is not dead, though it has only one branch that seems to be alive. That branch has blossoms every Easter."

One of the women dug into the great dead trunk and pinched off pieces of the wood. I brought one home as a souvenir, perhaps as a relic.

It was a wonderful trip, Lord. Thank You for providing it for us. It taught us much. It brought us closer to You, and to the Holy Family. And it will help me write the book about the life of Christ.

Mary's House

But it is wonderful to be home again, and to possess once more—even for a little time—Your woods of Combermere. This region is, at least to me, the most beautiful place I have seen. And I have seen many beautiful places.

We arrived here in time to see some of the Fall parade of the trees. Thanks for that. I'm glad we did not miss it. And now the poplars and the birches stand bare—their arms in the air, as though they were menaced by German ovens or Russian labor camps or Red Chinese machine guns. They look like so many frightened refugees. But maybe they haven't lifted their arms in surrender, or in pleading, or in fright. Perhaps they pray thus to You.

The poplars and the birches have shed all their leaves; yet I saw one giant poplar raining gold pieces down on a crowd of little Christmas trees; and I saw hundreds, maybe thousands, of tamarack trees in their autumn brocades of rusty gold. You never made a lovelier country, Lord. You never made a more beautiful tree.

Combermere is getting ready for Christmas; and so is Bethlehem and Jerusalem and Nazareth, and many other places in the world. In Bethlehem where Christ was born, the bells will ring. Many people go to Bethlehem for Christmas, just to hear those bells—which isn't the best of reasons. We have bells here, but we do not need them. Christmas is a joyous and holy day.

I haven't much for You, God, in the way of a Christmas present. In fact, it's the same old tarnished, shabby, ill-wrapped gift, a little more shopworn than last year. Just me, Lord. All I got, but it's Yours. With much love, Eddie.



GLORIA in excelsis DEO

CENSUS IN YUKON

By M. Legris

Whitehorse, Y.T.—Recently the Ministerial Association undertook to make a Community Religious Census of the city of Whitehorse. It was a concentrated effort done by volunteers in three days. By some strange coincidence no one was appointed to take the census at the Indian Reserve. One evening while I was talking to Fr. Triggs, he asked me if I would do it. I was glad for I know the people fairly well and would enjoy visiting them while I got the necessary information requested on the questionnaire.

I had some time this morning so decided to do my little assignment. It was a very cold morning and although November is only a few days old, we have had some sub-zero weather. It was so cold on Halloween night that many children did not attend the parties sponsored by various organizations, nor did they make the usual rounds of "trick or treat" after school. As a result Mary-house received many donations of candy which the children had missed out on. As I left for the Reserve, I stuffed the big pockets of my parka with candy for the children. I knew they wouldn't mind if it was a few days late for Halloween.

The Reserve is about a mile and a half away. In the past few years the Indian Department has made some vast improvements in the homes there and as you approach the Reserve you think you are coming to some modern town site. Some of the houses are small but there are many quite large. Some are of logs and are quite attractive while others are finished in plywood and painted bright colours... the colours frequently seen on totem poles. The houses are set in a background of spruce and pine trees and it is a cozy spot.

Functional Church

As you approach this Indian village you see the Catholic mission church built by Fr. Triggs. Recently Fr. Studer built a basement under the church and I am sure it will be put to good use as a recreation centre, maybe a place for the health nurses to hold clinics or maybe a place where the Indian ladies can get together and do handicraft. You can be sure it will be used for many good purposes. Just a little beyond the Catholic mission is the Baptist Mission. It is several years old too and there, services are held every week.

I couldn't begin to count the dogs on the Reserve. They varied in size from puppies to big monsters of dogs. At one time I was afraid of these animals but now I hardly notice them as I meet or pass them. The vicious ones are chained to the trees and the ones that are at large are harmless. Two little boys usually escort me around the Reserve and protect me from the dogs.

Although it was about ten o'clock when I got there and nearly noon when I left, in every house there was cooking going on. I imagine it was the first meal of the day. One lady was frying some sausages and onions and you could smell moose meat roasting in the oven. In another house a man was cooking grouse. In a house where several young men were staying, one of them was making pan cakes for their meal. One lady was cleaning a rabbit while her daughter cut up some fish. No one seemed to be without food.

Leisurely Chores

No one was very busy. One man was cleaning his gun and before I left the Reserve I met him heading for the bush hoping to get some game. Here and there moose hides were drying on the lines before the women processed them more. Some ladies were sitting on their beds making mocassins. An old man was sitting up in bed playing solitaire. I had

never before seen him doing anything but resting in bed and I was happy to see that he had even that diversion from just sitting on his bed all day.

Since I was taking a religious census, one of the questions was to find out if the people went to church, and if so, to which Church. Most of the people did not belong to any particular church but went from one to the other as the spirit moved them. One man told me he went to church if he had no work to do. Said he, "There is no sense in going to church if you have work to do. If I need wood, I have to go and get it." On the whole their answers were quite vague.

The last house I visited belonged to an old Indian man, Scottie Dahl. He is a bit deaf, and spent part of his life in the San. I have to give him special mention for he has always impressed me very much. His house is almost spotless. I have often found him scrubbing the floor, washing his clothes, or his dishes when I have gone to visit him. He is always clean and neat himself, and seems to be quite religious. He told me as he came back to town with me that he has spent all his life in Whitehorse. His mother is buried here and he hopes to be too.

The children and adults enjoyed the candy. Unfortunately I had emptied my pockets long before I finished the census. One little fellow yelled as I went out the door, "Thank you, Maryhouse."

In a short time I shall return to visit all the homes on the Reserve again. This time my mission will be to invite all the families to our Christmas party at Mary-house. Already I can see their faces light up as I mention the party and Santa. Kind friends will provide us with so many toys and with such quantities of candy, apples, ice cream, etc., that there will be no danger of running short. The Indian children and their parents will have happy memories of this Christmas too.

And to you, dear friends, we wish joy, peace, and love this Christmas time.

FACE IN THE CROWD

Ron Carley, a young man who came to the Madonna House summer school of Catholic Action some months ago—and who decided to stay on awhile—thus tells the story of his conversion to the Faith. He calls it "The Face in the Crowd."

I walked along a lonely street alone. Like many I had walked along of late. Alone because friends and wealth Together had long since gone along the way.

There across the street and in a park, I spied a crowd that gathered round a man. Desiring to shake the loneliness of late I crossed over to join them.

They seemed an average group of people. That came together for company of a sort. The speaker seemed very concerned as he spoke. But to this day I know not what he said.

As I looked around the crowd, there to my left, I spotted a face, so soft, so lovely, so peaceful. That my heart melted, and I longed to be near. This wonderful beautiful "Face in the Crowd."

I shouted to hold, then pushed and shoved my way. But the crowd was thick, and try as I might. Push as I may, fight and argue, swear and curse, When I reached the spot she was gone.

There I stood, for the presence was still there—That warmth and glow, That sweetness of love, I had struggled so hard to reach. From the loneliness of the crowd.

I had seen, almost touched, and had. A wondrous thing I know not how to describe. In that moment I determined to spend my life Searching for that "Face in the Crowd."

Nightly and day after day I returned to the park. Asking, begging and pleading with all I met. Trying to find if anyone there had seen her. But to no avail, to me she seemed to be lost.

Then one night, much like the first, I returned. A cleansing rain fell on the soft night air. Downcast and alone, knowing not what to expect I picked my way through the darkened night.

For a fleeting second she was there, then gone. Running very fast, I followed as she crossed the way. She entered a building with a cross over its door. A place I can never recall having been.

Knowing I must find what I had fleetingly known, Cautiously and carefully through the doors I crept. There were people kneeling, and a man in black at front. All so very quiet and wonderfully peaceful.

Not wanting to be noticed, I knelt to join them. Of a sudden from my mouth, a prayer crept into my mind. Taught me by my mother while sitting on her knee. Then, there to my left, was my "Face from the Crowd."

This was a church, and she a statue. With a wondrous Babe in her arms. My heart burst with Love, Joy, Happiness, and Peace. Forever I would be able to cradle my head in the Gentle arms of the Sweet Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

MISSION APPEAL

Recently, My dear Benefactors, I have had the pleasure of blessing a small church, not the usual bamboo-and-mud structure, but something you can really call a church, with brick walls and tin roof; and Our Lady of Fatima has today one more chapel to Her Name in Dihinghula, a village twenty-five miles away from Dibrugarh. This has been made possible by the generosity of a Lithuanian Lady and by the heroic exertion of Father Thomas Lopez, the priest in charge of this mission, who both planned the church and supervised its construction, covering the distance from Dibrugarh several times a week on his push-bike, whether under scorching sun or slashing rain.

The event was an occasion of great joy not only for the Christians of Dihinghula, but for all the Christians of the area, who attended the blessing in great number.

It is the third chapel of the kind I have had the joy of blessing within the past few months, and I hope to bless one more before the year is out. Of our three hundred and more communities both in the plains and in the hills of the Diocese not even twenty can boast of a decent place of worship. These chapels, in a few privileged communities, are no doubt a vast improvement on the wattle-and-dab huts, which we dignify with the name of chapel, and to our poor people they look monuments of art and beauty, but you can well guess how far a few thousand Rupees (under one thousand dollars) allow us to go. The walls are bare and on the cement floor the benches are conspicuous for their absence. Our people however feel more comfortable squatting on the floor and this solves more problems than one, because with considerable less expenditure these chapels can accommodate twice as many people as they could if benches were provided.

The Dihinghula Christians are very proud and grateful for their chapel, while the neighboring villages are naturally a little envious of the privilege. So the Bishop thought that the occasion called for a promise from him that, in the next few years, each village shall have its own chapel of bricks. Perhaps it was a rash promise, but it was not too much to promise such an abode to the King of Kings.

My dear Benefactors, it is true I have already solicited your generosity for some major construction in the various Mission stations, but I feel sure you will be

glad that part of your unfailing help goes towards providing a more fitting place of worship for those you have helped us bring into the Fold.

May the Queen of Heaven obtain for you all the graces gratefully invoked on you by the flock of the Diocese of Dibrugarh and by,

Very sincerely yours in O.L.

Rt. Rev. O. Marengo, S.D.B., D.D. Bishop's House, Dibrugarh (Assam India)

Address mail to:

Bishop Marengo SDB Salesian Missions 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y., USA

The Gift

By Bob Pelton

Lord, I heard your voice, and I answered you. But what did you really want of me?

My home and family I left for you, But I would have left them for a wife.

A wife and children I offered you, but had I had them, they would have been your gifts.

I had no lands to leave for you, no wealth

Or fields, and leaving land of birth is something, Finally, small: I bear it in my body,

Redeem and save it with my own flesh.

My friends I give you always; there are tears In this, yet their love, too, is first your gift.

Mind I gave and strength, but already they

Were yours. Heart I gave, but it knew no peace, Had no love without you: from the womb it sought you.

Life I give, but who gave it to me? And What is it next to hundredfold of joy

And afterward life without end in your sight?

My hands are empty now, and what I gave

You was always yours. O Lord, I am poor.

Your voice called me into the desert,

And now I know the gift you sought, the gift

I hoarded, buried like a miser. It alone

Is truly mine, and now I give it, Lord, beloved,

Now I give you my poverty itself. I give you weakness that your strength be shown.

I give you pain that you may comfort me.

I give you loneliness that you may Father me.

I give you sins that you may redeem.

I give you misery that your mercy may

Blaze forth as the sun in the noon-day sky.

I give you sickness that you may heal me.

I give you slavery that you may free me.

I give you anguish that you may give me peace.

I give you selfishness that you may give me

Your Spirit, your Son, your very self.

I give you nothingness that you may send

Your Spirit, your Son, your very self.

I give you nothingness that you may send

Your Spirit to brood upon it, to re-create it,

That you may say again that it is very good.

O Lord, I give You the cross of Your Son,

That you may enrich me with the gold of Your Love.

Now I hear your voice. "Son", You say.

Now I answer. "Father," I say, "Father."

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